

Good 686 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admirals (Submarines)

WINDSOR



There are other buildings at Windsor apart from the Castle, writes D. N. K. Bagnall, after a visit to the Home Town. There is the Town Hall, built by Sir Christopher Wren, for instance. There is the Star and Garter pub in Peascod Street, and the White Hart in High Street. But when a man says "Windsor," he means the Castle—and, indeed, Windsor Castle is all that is England, Shakespeare's England and our England.

BRISTOL and many home towns in the West have been welcoming back returned prisoners of war during the past weeks, and the flutter of Union Jacks and the glint of freshly ironed aprons of the womenfolk have become commonplace outside many cottage homes where "the man" has been away sometimes for three or four years on end.

Joy and sadness go hand-in-hand with some of these homecomings, and sometimes the men come home to find that time has played curious tricks with memory.

Private R. Austin, of Shirehampton (the Gloucester Regt.), for instance, was rather startled when he stepped from the train at Temple Meads station recently and a little girl of six rushed to his arms shouting, "Daddy." It was his own little daughter, of course. He had not seen her since she was six months old.

Many of these repatriated or released men are presented with nice little sums of money collected from among well-wishing neighbours.

RIVALRY.

THE old friendly rivalry between South Wales and the West of England has come to the fore again, this time in connection with the post-war plans for a great new airport to serve the needs of passengers and freight between Southern England and the Continent.

With a great flurry of trumpets, the Bristol Chamber of Commerce called a meeting to discuss such a scheme, and decided that probably £8,000,000 would have to be spent on the project.

Next day South Wales came out with a cut-and-dried plan for a £10,000,000 airport to be constructed near Cardiff, and an in-

fluent body of public men were already pressing the claims of Wales in Whitehall.

Unfortunately, the Government isn't showing all the enthusiasm that might be expected of it. At the Bristol meeting, for instance, a booklet was distributed with the title "With the R.A.F. in the Middle East." On the cover is the picture of an American aero engine; on the back a picture of an American Kittyhawk plane!

A NEW BRISTOL.

PLANS for the rebuilding of Bristol are by no means exhausted. So much criticism has been levelled against the Corporation's tentative proposals, which seemed to provide for the erection of grand new shops in the centre of the city—and little else, that these seem to have fallen into the background, and some highly imaginative designs have been put forward by various individuals.

Quite a good one has been laid before the Rotary Club by a local architect.

This provides not only for the reconstruction of houses and shops, but for the layout of a really grand Civic Centre in the neighbourhood of Victoria Street and Temple Meads, which would include a new Colston Hall on the site of the old George's Brewery, and tree-lined boulevards from there to the shopping centre, which would remain somewhere in the same neighbourhood as before.

Then Mr. Sidney Clifford, the new Sheriff, has outlined plans for the building of a new theatre on the site of the old Prince's, destroyed by the blitz in 1941. He also thinks there should be an up-to-date repertory theatre, and says he is determined to do his utmost to see the proposals brought about.

E. J. G. B.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH sold common enough in mediaeval ranks of Grenadier Guards up for this sole purpose.

Few have remained as such. Most have broadened and become cities or towns in their own right, many have passed away, many have lessened into villages. None that has remained in their original purpose—see Windsor.

This does not mean that Windsor is a lifeless place with its whole mind centred on what, in Victoria's time more than any other in recent history, stands for Royalty with a capital R. It may be correct to say that it always has one eye on the great and imposing fortress, palace and country house that stands in its midst and dominates its every street.

Whenever I think of Windsor it is these things that I see. They are some of the memories I have in my mind of that so obviously royal town on the Thames. It is to Windsor Castle that my thoughts always go, for the Castle is everything to Windsor.

Take it away: blot out your memories of it and your associations with it, and there is little left—a town with amazingly few interests, not nearly so attractive as Eton, over the bridge.

This is a startling fact. There are few such examples in Britain where a town exists almost entirely to serve a great house or a castle. They were

Britain's old-time monarchs passed that way and brought to the "White Hart" a little more prestige.

For other hostelleries you can take your choice of the "Castle," the "Old House" or the "Tower House"—or perhaps you prefer one of those lesser, but often jollier, pubs that hide away in the side streets.

If Shakespeare were to return, he would be more at home there than in the more imposing buildings on the main streets.

If you don't go to Windsor to see the Castle you go to visit the Great Park. And, indeed, you could do no better on a free day. That Long Walk from the Castle along the edge of the Home Park, up to Snow Hill and into the Great Park is unique. It is a thing of its own, and it is a thing worth seeing.

It ends in the heart of that great stretch of parkland—Windsor Great Park, with its 1,800 acres stretching to Sunningdale, across Virginia Water, and out of Berkshire into Surrey.

It is a place where you can get lost (and some couples seem to favour this) or where you can find enough space for a walking tour. I did neither. I sat down under an old oak and had a nap.

Ah, those oaks of the Great Park! Was it not in one of them that Herne the Hunter had his abode, and came out in the dead of night horned and terrible, with fire flashing from his weird head, and with his ghostly hounds baying in the chase? They have an oak there that is still called by Herne's name—Herne the mysterious, the gallant, the silent, the avenger.

You don't believe the legend? But two ladies, living hard by, heard the baying of his hounds a winter or two ago just past midnight. They swore they heard it not once but several times. Would you disbelieve a lady?

WINDOW SEATS.

Of inns, there is the "Star and Garter" in Peascod Street, which seeks to uphold its associations with the past—one into believing that it is of the Shakespearean vintage and, indeed, it is more likely that Shakespeare quaffed his ale at the original "White Hart" in High-street. This has no pretence to be anything but a building of more modern times.

The windows of the "White Hart" have served as "theatre boxes" for more royal events than any other windows in Britain. From them favoured spectators have seen many different processions wind in, or out of, the Castle gateway.

Kings and Queens, Emperors and foreign princes, famed that the most slippery of all statesmen and diplomats, have

"All's Well," Sto. P.O. George Wills

GOOD morning, Sto. P.O. George Wills here's a nice surprise for you, all the way from James Watt Terrace, Barrow-in-Furness. Pauline and her Mummy were just off to do the Saturday afternoon shopping, but the "G.M." managed to catch them just in time.

As you can see they are both very well and are counting the days when you will be home once more.

Mrs. Wills told us about your violin. Now its no secret George, we know everything about it, and from what we can gather the neighbours do too—what a life you used to lead them, but for all that she'd far rather have you home playing it again.

Dad has sent you a pipe and hopes that you will find plenty



of time to enjoy it. He is very at the party to celebrate your well and sends his best wishes. return.

Baby Pauline is going to a party in the next road when she comes back from her shopping, to celebrate the victory in Europe. She is very excited about this one, but goodness only knows how she will feel

All your friends in Barrow wish you the best of luck, and everyone is looking forward so much to seeing you again.

Keep up the good work and

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

ZODOMIRSKY'S DUEL

Everything looked good in the life of Captain Zodomirsky when he joined his new regiment. Mariana was to be his wife. But Sub-lieutenant Stamm stuck his oar in. Unfortunately there is often a Stamm; and Dumas never wrote better than in this.

AT the time of this story our "Lieutenant Zodomirsky, who a regiment was stationed in is betrothed to the beautiful the dirty little village of Valins, Mariana Ravensky."

"And when does he arrive?" asked Major Belayef.

It was the fourth of May in the year 1821 and I, with several other officers, had been breakfasting with the Aide-de-Camp in honor of his birthday, and discussing the various topics of the garrison.

"Can you tell us without being indiscreet?" asked Sub-Lieutenant Stamm of Andrew Michaelovitch, the Aide-de-Camp, "what the Colonel was so eager to say to you this morning?"

"A new officer," he replied, "is to fill the vacancy of captain."

"His name?" demanded two then a brave, handsome youth, adored by his comrades, in every

one's good graces, but of a fiery comrades, Captain Zodomirsky; and irritable temper."

"Mademoiselle Ravensky informed me that he was a skillful duelist," said Stamm. "Well, joined your regiment. To do so he will do very well here; a duel has been my greatest desire for is a family affair with us. You are some time, and if I am welcome, Monsieur Zodomirsky, as you courteously say, I shall be However quick your temper, you the happiest man in the world." must be careful of it before me, "Ah! good day, Captain," he or I shall take upon myself to cool it."

And Stamm pronounced these words with a visible sneer.

"How is it that he leaves the Guards? Is he ruined?" asked

Cornet Naletoff.

"I have been informed," replied Stamm, "that he has just inherited from an old aunt about twenty thousand rubles. No, poor devil! he is consumptive." "Come, gentlemen," said the Aide-de-Camp, rising, "let us pass to the saloon and have a game of cards. Koloff will serve dinner while we play."

We had been seated some time, and Stamm, who was far from rich, was in the act of losing sixty rubles, when Koloff announced:

"Do you stay here long?" asked Major Belayef.

"There you are at last!" cried Michaelovitch, jumping from his chair, "you are welcome."

Then, turning to us, he continued:

"These are your new us all round with a smile. He con-

tinued: "I have taken a house excellent cook, a passable library, near that of my old friend Raven-a little garden, and a target; sky whom I knew at St. Peters and there I shall be quiet as a burg. I have my horses there, an (Continued on Page 3)

By Alexandre Dumas

QUIZ



- How many pounds are there in one stone of glass?
- What seaside town adjoins Bournemouth?
- What is the smallest number of lighter flints at 3d. each you can buy with a single coin?
- What is the proper name of a tool sometimes called a screw-hammer?

5. From what game did ice-hockey originate?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Piccadilly, Strand, Bond Street, Prince's Street, Regent Street.

Answers to Quiz in No. 685

- Ten inches.
- St. Leonards.
- Twelve (for half-a-crown).
- Purch.
- 10s. per year.
- Demeter was the goddess of agriculture; others are measures in the metric system.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



IF Mr. Reginald Vesselo, public schoolmaster, living at Tottenham, had his way, chess would be taught during school time at every place of education in the country.

He believes it to be important as a brain trainer. And many schools have come to his way of thinking and are devoting one period a week to the subject, from public schools to approved schools.

School-children who belong to The Chess Education Society founded by Mr. Vesselo, recently broadcast to American chess-playing school-children.

Maybe Crown and Anchor will one day be on the school curriculum.

TWO Wills. Mr. Lionel Rodd, chairman of Wall and Sons, the "Stop Me And Buy One" ice-cream firm, left £135,000.

Mr. David Caradoc Evans, famous Welsh novelist and journalist, left £81.

D.N.K.B.

Wangling Words No. 625

1. Cut one letter out of a kind and get a sash.
2. Insert the same letter 13 times and make sense of: Akeimeoouphealandryogeirigh.
3. What common word has ITIV for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I fancy —'s smells of whisky.

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 624

1. CHA(D)R.
2. Sam swims as the swan swam.
3. ChAIRMan.
4. Baker, break.

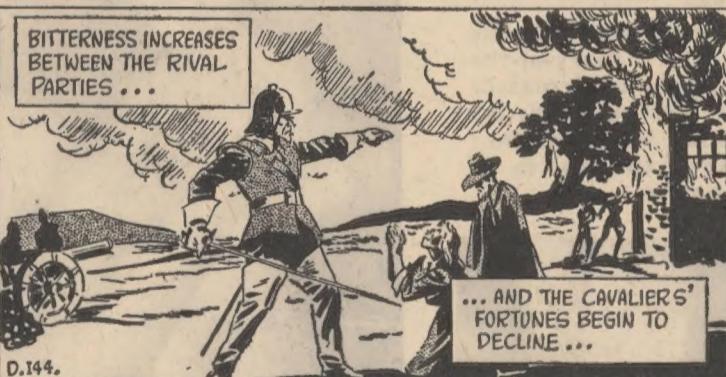
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GOOD MORNING

making themselves master of the said. "I will dine at the Colonel's." "And now to dinner, gentle-wining card. Now, I see no dif- And with these words he left the men!" cried Michaelovitch.

ference, myself, between the man room. who robs his neighbor of his The most profound silence had

hermit, and happy as a king he who is known for a good shot money and the one who robs him been kept during this alterca-

of his life." Then he added, in a tion; but, as soon as Stamm dis-

way to take nothing from the in- appeared, Captain Pravdine, an

solence, of his observation, "I old officer, addressed himself to do not say this to you, in particu- us all.

Captain; I speak in general "We cannot let them fight, Monsieur Stamm knows you are

my second and has accepted you

as such, see him, and arrange

on his arm. everything with him; accept all

with you." Then, turning to me, you know me. I have yet, as it is

possible for me to let this quarrel

pass without fighting. I do not

know what I have done to annoy

this gentleman, but it is evident of combat?" said several voices.

that he has some spite against

"Certainly, gentlemen. Come

and bid a last farewell to one of

us."

(To be continued)

ANNE BAXTER

BORN in Michigan City, Indiana, on May 7th, 1923, Anne Baxter has crowded a lot of activity into her twenty-two years.

The glamorous 20th Century-Fox star made her stage debut in a piece called "Seen But Not Heard" at the age of thirteen, and, it is recorded, created quite a sensation.

For two years she appeared on Broadway and in repertory before she went to Hollywood to be tested for the lead in "Rebecca." She didn't get the part—they said she was too young—but she did get a contract a few weeks later.

She was loaned to M-G-M. for "20 Mule Team," and after making her film debut, returned to her own company for a small part in "The Great Profile." Roles followed in steady succession, and Anne has recently scored her biggest success to date in "Guest in the House."

Her hair is chestnut and her eyes hazel. She likes food, and often spends her spare time searching for unusual places to eat.

It is her usual practice to take a short run before breakfast—she says she cannot sleep in the mornings.

Dick Gordon

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SKEP	GRUBS
INDIGO	GLIB
LEDGE	PHONE
LAY	ADO
PREMISES	UA
SEMI	TEXT
EDITIONS	P
PN	YAK
ADLE	ALONE
LOOK	AROUSE
ENEMY	WREN

1.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	,	11	12			
13			14	15			
16		17		18			
19	20			21			22
				23			
24	25	26		27	28	29	
	30		31		32		
33			34	35	36		
37		38		39			
40			41				

CLUES ACROSS.—2 Fruit, 6 Speak, 9 Change, 11 Flagon, 13 Number, 15 Legal command, 16 Therefore, 17 Office record, 19 Creek, 21 Awry, 23 Bird, 24 Big bird, 27 Unpleasant, 30 Trilled as grasshopper, 32 Supported by, 33 Be overfond, 34 Fruit, 37 Spheres of action, 39 Free ticket, 40 Refreshment place, 41 Close-packed.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Between ball and goal, 2 Full, 3 Ooze out, 4 Do as told, 5 Number, 6 Oarsmen, 7 Similar, 8 Nevertheless, 10 Zoo beast, 12 Pairs, 14 Somewhat, 18 Flag, 20 Mitigate, 22 Distortion, 25 Nut, 26 Creditor's right, 28 Suit, 29 Slang clothes, 31 Mounted, 33 Welsh boy, 36 Negative, 38 Time of day.

Good Morning



IN BRITAIN'S GOLD AND PLEASANT LAND.

Golden harvest is cut down in long swathes, and there's peace over the landscape again, so Nature can get on with her silent job, and asks no thanks.

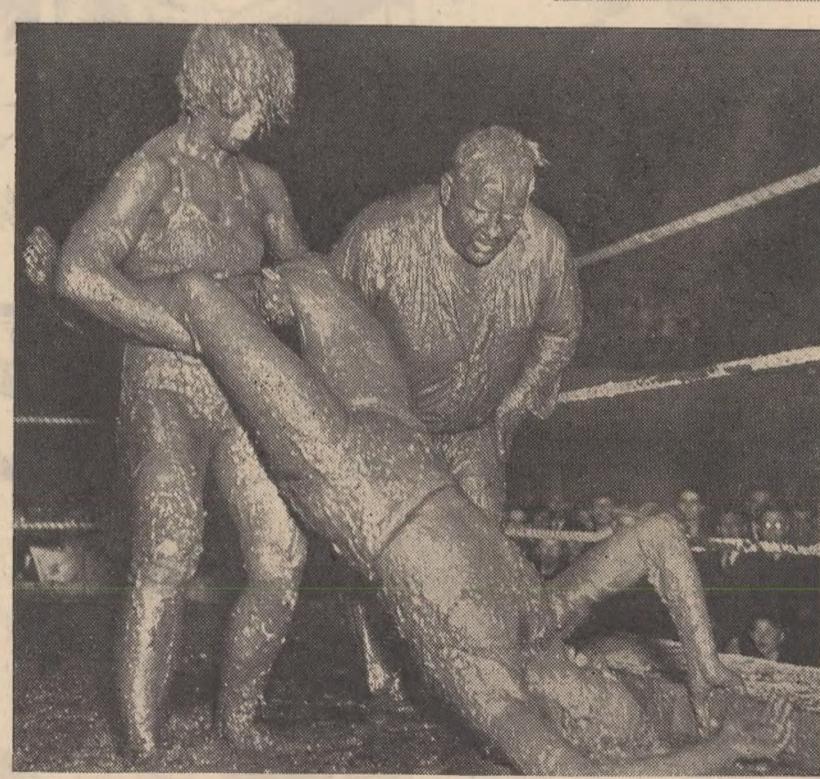


Called the Cockney Sparrows the choirboys of St. Mary-of-the Angels are giving the choirmaster an anxious time getting ready for Christmas. Called Sparrows they are said to have the voices of nightingales.



This was how they plunged into the sea in 1891 in a swim-suit that looks as if it could swim all by itself; and if anybody dares to laugh we'd like to remind them that gentlemen liked it that way.

★ Theodosius D. Rockwell, of Portland, Oregon, had a great idea to keep himself from being lost when he travelled around. He had his name and address tattooed on his husky legs in forty languages, and various telegraphic codes. What would have happened if he lost his legs is dreadful to imagine.



Queenie of the Mud Bath

In your spare time, if you dream of being a champion mud-bath wrestler, take warning, for here is Cyclone Burke giving the works to Babe Gordon in Ohio. No use calling it a dirty business. And, honest, Cyclone's first name is Mildred, queen of the "dirties."



★ Carol Parker and Helaine Moler got their chance before the screen and next day were under contract to Paramount. If you ask us we wouldn't have waited until the next day.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

